

JERU THE DAMAJA – DA BICHEZ LYRICS

i'm not talking about the queens
but the b-tches
not the sisters, the b-tches
not the young ladies, the b-tches
the b-tches, the b-tches

now a queen's a queen and a stunt is a stunt
you can tell who's who by the things they want
most chicks want minks, diamonds, a benz
spend up all your ends probably f-ck your friends

high-post att-tudes, real rude with fat -sses
think that the p-ssy is made out of gold
try to control you by slidin' up and down on the wood
they be givin' up s-x for goods

dealin' with b-tches is the same old song
they only want you 'til someone richer comes along
don't get me wrong, strong black women
i know who's who so due respect i'm givin'

while queens stand by you and stick around
b-tches suck you dry and push you down
so it's my duty to address this vampire's
givin' the black man stress

recognize what's real and not material
or burn in h-ll, chasin' polo and guess, dumb b-tches

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my man had a chick an' thought she was finger-lickin'
i knew her style that's why i'm vegetarian
i told him she was out to get what she could get
he didn't believe me, so she bagged him up in the end

made the p-ssy do tricks then she sucked his d-ck
he got caught up in the grip now he's payin' the rent
black widow, she even killed dead presidents
that he'd owe, shouldn't have got one red cent

i body slam her but i'm not a misogynist
when i see a brother gettin' nabbed it makes me p-ssed
cosmetic enchantress, scandalous temptress
the way my man went out you'd think she was a pimp stress

b-tches come my way, i make 'em hop
'cause i'm hip to the game
i'm not a slave so i don't get p-ssy-whipped
bear in mind you'll lose em' to end material riches
f-ckin' around with those b-tches

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since i've been club-hoppin', you've been ho-hoppin'
you've seen them pop up in every spot that i'm in
any n-gg- with a record could get your b-tt naked
so your man got a lex'[unverified]
you live in the projects

tryin' a flex but you ain't the smartest
your -ss ain't the fattest
f-ck around, play yourself and get dissed
i know your status, you can't touch my status

deep down you want this
dyin' a be famous but you can't attain this
poppin' that coochie for gucci
b-tches like you ain't sh-t to me

and don't talk about r e s p e c t
'cause i treat my black sisters like royalty
now go in peace, don't make me get raw
and treat you like the harlot that you are filthy b-tches